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TRADE AND FOR ALL DEPARTMENTS

Daily Biblical Quotation

March 5.

And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.—1 John 3:3.

Now Lord, what wait I for?

On These things

My hope is all rested—

Lord, seal me Thine own!

Only Thine to be.

Only to live in Thee.

Thine, with each day begun,

Thine, with each act of mine,

Thine, till my work is done.

—Anna Warner.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

The inaugural address of President Warren G. Harding is not only a model of brevity, it is a splendid reaffirmation of faith in the integrity of constitutional government and a trumpet-tongued appeal to the slumbering spirit of intense nationalism to awaken and take its place on the battlements of freedom and independence.

The greatest eulogies are couched in simplest word and form; superlatives do but detract from grandeur and impressiveness. Let it then be said that the address is worthy to take its place beside the greatest hitherto delivered; constitutes in fact complete justification for every vote cast for the republican ticket November 2.

Those who have been advising the politician's course, who have been claiming that the new president must needs betray the confidence of those who marched with him to the polls in the great referendum, will find little solace in his ringing words of nationalism and his proclamation of all mankind that as America has come the long and difficult road, so she will preserve to the end of the chapter, a free and independent people, still wedded to their ancient policies of non-interference in old-world affairs and vigilantly concerned that no old-world power shall interfere in their affairs.

So endeth the dream of idealists and visionaries. So stands the battle won—for God and country!

Let those who have trembled in fear take renewed heart and reconsecrate their faith in American traditions and purposes from these words uttered in the first three minutes of the address:

"Confident of our ability to work out our own destiny and jealously guarding our right to do so, we seek no part in directing the destinies of the old world. We do not mean to be entangled. We will accept no responsibility except as our own conscience and judgment in each instance may determine. We crave friendship and harbor no hate. But America, our America, the America built on the foundations laid by the inspired fathers, can be a party to no permanent military alliance. It can enter into no political commitments, nor assume any economic obligations or subject our decisions to any other than our own authority."

Let the statesmen of the old world, who have been treading water as it were for many months, waiting the day when Uncle Sam should return with his benefactions, read in these words the fixed determination of America; and similarly let those at home who have clung to the hope that the new president would inaugurate his administration with a betrayal of his supporters, read the end of their fatuous dream.

The new president did not meet the high expectations of the country in the selection of his cabinet, but his inaugural address goes a long way towards assuaging such disappointment—by the sublime heights it attains through the utter simplicity of terms and language employed therein.

Old-world statesmen, who have been looking to America and American participation in their affairs to lead them out of the wilderness of their own creating, have but to ponder these words to discover their course charted with clearness:

"When the governments of earth shall have established a freedom like our own and shall have sanctioned the pursuit of peace as we have practiced it, I believe the last sorrow and the last faithful sacrifice of international warfare will have been written."

There is the permissible dedication of America and American institutions. There is the America of our traditions speaking—an America of world-influence and leadership through force of precept and demonstrated wisdom; holding to its own, yet exerting a potent influence on the affairs of men everywhere, not through mischievous interference or political alliances, not through dictation or duress, but because the wisdom of her course is so emboldened in deeds and achievements as to arouse the desire for emulation.

Thus we are returned safely home. The unfortunate adventure is ended. A reunited nation, devoted to its own traditions and ideals, can with confidence approach the solution of problems peculiarly domestic with full confidence in the future, under the leadership of one unalterably devoted to these constitutional forms and requirements that command his enthusiastic support instead of exciting his impatient opposition.

One must ever be mindful of the difference

between words and deeds, but it seems impossible for a man actuated by motives as high and pleasing in a national sense, to ever permit himself to be content with deeds that fall discredibly short of the high objective.

Harding has restored American nationalism, American self-respect and American confidence in its high objective. The milk-white flag of the professional pacifist has been snatched from the masthead, and there floats at its peak this day the brilliant banner of a free, proud and independent people; too proud to do an injustice, but vigilantly jealous to protect its honor and its rightful interests.

And it was for that he was elected.

THE CLOSE OF AN ERA.

An era in American history has closed. And it closes amid the plaudits of the multitude, not because of its achievements, but because it is at an end. We doubt if Woodrow Wilson's place in history will ever be fixed beyond dispute, for to even suggest the name is to invite controversy. But this much can be said—and there are elements of fame in that—his administration was an episode in all which had gone before it, so completely reversed by that which followed, that it constitutes an era in itself.

The World has been an aggressive critic of the Wilson administration, yet it feels no prejudice against the man as he passes into private life, and its attempt to present an estimate of his contributions to the history of America is dispassionate, sincere and free from guile.

There are those who, in the blind infatuation of the moment, pretend to believe that the name of Woodrow Wilson will loom large in history beside the names of Washington, Lincoln, Cleveland and Roosevelt. We cannot share that view, because our philosophy of government will not permit it.

You will search the pages of written history in vain in an effort to discover one who is given much space or considerable credit for mere purity of purpose or high ambition; for in history, as elsewhere, the laurel wreath goes to him who succeeds, not to him who merely dreamed and attempted to make an impossible dream come true. Just as the line of demarcation between revolution and rebellion is exceedingly dim, so also is the line which separates the bizarre and grotesque attempts of highest purpose from the glorified achievement of unquestioned selfishness.

To those who assert that Woodrow Wilson won a lasting place in the hall of the immortals by merely dreaming a dream of world peace and attempting to make that dream come true, one must answer that he also bears the odium of having attempted to subvert nationalism and fare forth in the cause of Christ armed with the despicable implements of the partisan politician.

And instantly an admonitive finger is pointed to the tomes of history with an invitation to search there for a single character given the crown who did not stand at the head of his people with sword in hand for the defense of national aspirations and national honor. Wilson did strive for a high ideal; and to that service he brought a matchless lip service adorned with the gems of rhetoric and fine phrase. But not even his skill could deceive; and the acts of supreme selfishness and boundless ambition; the debasing practices of the narrow politician; the autocratic gestures of the despotic covenantor to say nothing of the impractical efforts of the single-purpose fanatic, dimmed the luster of the attempt and made ludicrous the cross which his imperial entourage floated above his head.

A modern John the Baptist in the habiliments of a Hinky Dink, proclaimed by Burleson, Baker and McAdoo! A national leader advocating pacifism as a national virtue and patriotism as a national vice; willing to trade his people's birthright for a mess of pottage; too proud to fight in national defense, yet ready enough to fight like a fanatical Dervish the aspirations of his own people—if the future historian gains his own consent to canonize such a character in the history of America a new day will indeed have dawned, and posterity will reject such historian.

We leave to others to excuse, to justify, to condone by an absurd attempt to extol mere purity of purpose. For ourselves we consider effect, leaving cause to those who feel impelled to hold a brief for the defense.

At his passing the nation that honored him breathes a sigh of relief. It may not know what the immediate future holds for it, but it is content to hazard the risk in the conviction that anything will be preferable to the night-mare experiences of the past half decade.

Into his retirement Mr. Wilson goes without prejudice. There are none but wish him well. The nation never had such a leader before. May God in his infinite mercy save it from another such!

The Land Complete.

(Copyright, 1921, by Edgar A. Guest.)
Beckon this old land was made
Just 'bout right, all said an' done;
Cities for the grand parade,
Towns for folks who love the sun,
Stretches for fishhook an' fields
Where the clover blooms are sweet,
Orchards for their autumn yields
Soft a' make our land complete.

By an' large, an' far an' near,
Man can find most anything
That he really wants round here,
Be he commoner or king.
What's your choice—the city strife,
Fayments an' the granite wall,
Or the dappled outdoors life?
Name it, for we got it all!

Rich our country is, an' blest,
Rich in all that men desire;
Each can have what suits him best—
Prairie nights beside a fire,
Solitude an' spaces wide,
Mountains high an' running brooks,
Or easy walks to sit in shade,
Readin' life from printed books.

Time for dreams or city hate,
Nights beneath a roof or sky,
Books to read or books to write,
Cities grand or mountains tall,
Here whatever we may wish,
God's provided for us all.

Oklahoma Outbursts

By OTIS LORTON.

Have you ever noticed how successful hand-to-hand trading is in Oklahoma? A word completely surrounded by a power?

Perhaps one reason Mr. Harding ignored the south is that he did not want the hoodlums to get a foothold in his cabinet.

One thing you can say about Will Hays—he has not conferred with Mr. Burleson as to what his duties will be as postmaster general.

This country has just about reached a point where it is willing to applaud the chemist who can take the "kill" out of wood alcohol.

As we understand it, Mr. Mellon was not selected for the treasury portfolio because he is said to have one of the best furnished cellars in the country.

Of course if you are looking for cumulative evidence you can probably find that innumerable deaths occurred from drinking liquor—poisoned, and otherwise—prior to 1913.

Senator Tom Anglin is now convinced that there is something in the atmosphere emanating through legislative halls which makes members talk one way and vote another.

As we gather from the public statements of Mr. Denby, now secretary of the navy, he is not a man who may be expected to insist that the Arkansas river is navigable.

Unless we misread the dictum in the supreme court decision, a lot of profiteers have been just plain darn fools for not taking a bigger rake-off when opportunity opened the doors.

Barometer of Public Opinion

In Defense of the Minister

Editor World: I hope you will please find space for my letter as I think you will find it perfectly all right.

What a crime! What an outrage to see in the paper that a minister of God is beaten up by a policeman of Tulsa. Would it not be bad enough if it had been a drunken man, but to think a man of the law to stop so low as to strike a reverend man? I know as well as everyone else that has ever met Reverend Crum that he is a gentleman in thought, word and deed. What are the officers of the law thinking about to let such a thing happen and right before their very eyes in the police station? It is no wonder there's crime committed and everything else when a thing like this is allowed. I myself am disgusted.

Yours truly,

Tulsa, March 3. MRS. ALFRED FLOYD.

Rent Profiteer Again.

Editor World: Letters that have appeared from time to time in your columns, do not tell half the tale with regard to the profiteers that run "light-housekeeping" rooms.

One old "hen" that runs a rooming house on North Elwood pays \$50 per month rent, and her gas and electric bills, amount to \$20 per month additional. Her rooms bring her in \$15.00 per month, \$1.25 per room, a profit of \$55 per month or about 50 per cent on her investment, monthly. Pretty good profit is it not? The ordinary business man is content with from 15 to 20 per cent.

By the way a real estate man and contractor told me that his firm built a house last year for \$1,100 and sold it a month later for \$1,300. And yet the contractors of this caliber "holla" about wages.

Respectfully,

A ROOM RENTER.

Tulsa, March 3.

Hitting the Rent Hog.

Editor World: "Plain Jane" hit it on the head and spoke the truth when she spoke her mind as she did in yesterday's issue of your splendid paper. I have been in Tulsa for five years, and I am careful as to my expenditures, yet we have nothing much saved. Why? The high rent proposition is enough to discourage any human being, and in all our travels we never hit a place like Tulsa, for those who have been fortunate to buy a home have in nine cases out of ten turned right around and put it up for rent at a price beyond all human analysis, and we poor wretches have to pay it or seek other quarters. I know of a woman who got rich keeping boarders here, bought a couple of fine homes and has no regard for the renter or anyone trying to get ahead. Yes, she slung cheap hash out of her kitchen and stuck the proceeds into a bank account, and it didn't take long to get a small fortune according to her method of profits, and I could cite others in this low class. There's a low type of grasping people or they wouldn't stoop to such robbery. I intend to get rent within reason very soon or move my family to other cities where you can live like a white person for one-third what it costs here. Our lived expenses are a very small thing, were not for the enormous rent we are forced to pay. With the good influence of the World I trust much good will be done to force these rent hogs out of the business. And along with them we would like to see cafes and boarding-house grabbers go.

Tulsa, March 3. SAMUEL T. NEWBLOK.

Back to the Old-Fashioned Home.

Editor World: It ain't no use of fussin' 'bout the troubles of the age.

That vex the greatest thinkers and befog the mind of sage;

It ain't no use to waste our time a passin' foolish laws

To make men all be decent and in their meanness pause;

It ain't no use of legislatin' first this law and then that

To make this old world settle down, that's none crazy as a bat.

You can't make men be righteous by laws that say they must.

You may try this method, if you will, till the rocks have turned to dust;

But force will never do the job. Though men may stand in awe,

You cannot in ten thousand years, make men be good by law.

You've got to find some other way this storm-tossed world to save,

You've got to seek some other plan, Reformer, bold and brave;

So let me drop a little thought into your busy brain.

And let it stay and formulate a plan that will be sane.

You start, where most the trouble did, your needed reformation.

And you will some day stand a chance to save our threatened nation;

Go back unto the primal cause, and don't so madly roam.

And you will find it all began in our much neglected home.

Go, may unto this restless world, proclaim from house tops high.

The thing that put us where we are, the reason and the why.

Is just because our home is gone, the home our daddies knew.

The home that made our nation great and always rich and free.

The home where pure religion was, with Christ exalted high.

Where character was built strong and God was ever nigh.

The home where the open Bible lay, the guide of child and man;

The loss of such a home as this is where the thing began.

Then back to the good old-fashion home, with its simple life and true,

The home that made our country great, the home our daddies knew.

Okmulgee, Jan. 30. LESLIE MANEY.

DESTROYING THE SEED OF PROGRESS

(Copyright, 1921, By The Chicago Tribune.)



The Woman Who Loved—and Earned

By JANE PHILIPS

A MODERN STORY OF HOME AND BUSINESS

CHAPTER XII.

Gerry Is Troubled With Mischivings.

"Gerry dear, I hope I haven't been doing something you will not be for," Robert said Friday night after we had our late dinner.

"The chance that night business had been rushing all day, and I was dreadfully tired too tired to talk. But after I had put on a negligee, Robert had insisted I lie on the couch, and said he would do the talking for both. I had noticed he looked a little worried when I complained of being weary."

"Wait until I hear what it is," I had slipped my hand in his.

"I met Murphy and Wood this noon, and I asked them and the girls to come up tomorrow evening."

"Oh Robert! I intended to learn how to make something nice before we asked them. I'm sorry you didn't consult me. I should have told you a week ago."

"I'm sorry dear, but I could hardly help it. You see, they have been mighty good to me, and I know that when I married they thought we would still see each other frequently. I think they have been disappointed that we haven't been more sociable."

"But we have only been married two months."

"I know—and you have been so busy, and used up. Poor dear! But about tomorrow night. Don't you worry. I'll go to Mary Elizabeth's or some other place, and get something nice for supper. We won't try to do very much; they won't expect it in a boarding house."

"I will ask Mrs. Lane (the landlady) to let us have a card table. We will have Mary Ryan, and you invite some nice young fellow, then we can have two tables and play bridge. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"Indeed it would—if Mary will come. You better find out in the morning, and telephone me. If she can't join us I won't ask anyone but the Weeds and Murphys."

"I saw at once that he didn't want anyone else, but would not say so, fearing to hurt me. He knew how fond I was of Mary."

"I think perhaps we better not have anyone else this first time. We can play hearts."

Robert looked pleased, and we

planned the supper—just a salad, either lobster or chicken, thin bread and butter, and some cakes. We became quite hilarious over it, and I almost forgot how tired I was, until later when Robert woke me and said it was time to go to bed.

"I hadn't been reading the paper a minute when you were sound asleep," he told me. "It's too bad for you to work so hard."

"It wasn't always so hard. The busy season will be over now in a short time."

"That will be fine. You must get thoroughly rested before the spring rush."

"I half expected he would say I ought to stop working, and was thankful he understood I should not."

"I wish you would wait after the others go, Mrs. Meredith. Madame Leets said to me the next day. It was disappointing when I wanted to get home early, but I replied over and over again, 'I will remain as long as you wish.'"

"As was after six when I left the shop, seven when I reached the boarding house. Robert said nothing, but I saw at once he was busy because I was so late. I wouldn't eat any dinner, but sent him down alone—the first time since we had been married. Then I dressed myself for the evening, arranged the card table—I had bought a linen cover—and by the time I had everything ready Robert came up. He brought me a sandwich and some coffee."

"The dinner wasn't very good, and you will have to make up for your own supper," he said as he hurried to change his collar and brush up a little. He had the supper all ready and it looked delicious. What was the use of worrying over not knowing how to cook when we could buy things so easily?"

"We had a delightful evening. Both girls praised the salad, and to my delight declared it was far better than they could make. I frankly told them where it came from, also that it was so late when I got home I had no dinner."

"Robert is too good looking to be left much alone," Jane Murphy remarked. "Someone will steal him if you don't watch out."

"He's so sociable, too," Betty Weed added. Then: "We are very fond of him, Gerry. I had insisted they stop calling me Mrs. Meredith. It sounded so formal when they called my husband 'Robert.'"

"We had a tip-top time, didn't we, dear?" he asked after they left.

"I thought they enjoyed themselves," I answered rather absently, my thoughts on what Jane had said.

"Some one will steal him if you don't watch out."

(To be continued.)

A Question of Tense.

The cub reporter was grinding out a marriage notice. Finally he brought it up and laid it on the city editor's desk.

"Mr. and Mrs. Blank announce today the marriage of their daughter to take place next Monday."

"Huh," grunted the editor. "You can't say they announced a marriage yet to take place."

Again the cub jabbed away at his typewriter. And when he brought it back this time it read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Blank predicted today the marriage of their daughter."

For use on light automobiles a gearless differential depending entirely upon friction has been developed in Europe.

With his printing press an Illinois inventor claims to be able to print with 99 different colors at the same time.

The Horoscope

The stars incline but do not compel. (Copyright, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Saturday, March 5, 1921.

Astrologers read this as an unfortunate day until evening. Mercury, Venus, Jupiter and the sun are all in malefic aspect. Late in the evening Venus changes to friendly ways.

It is a time in which to hold in abeyance all important matters, especially those having to do with commerce or banking. There is a sign read as foreboding rumors disquieting to business affairs, but these will be exaggerated.

The signing of contracts or losses during this time is to be avoided, since disappointment is indicated. Women who have large ambitions should not put faith to the test with this configuration prevails. It is an especially unfavorable time to see any sort of political appointments.

There is a sign read as foreboding to men and women who are in places in the sun, since the stars are likely to cause them to feel depressed, irritable and doubtful of their own abilities.

Warning is given that in trade there may be unexpected reverses where large orders are expected and this may be especially noticeable where clothing, millinery and the accessories of women's dress are involved.

Newspaper criticisms of women as well as men who hold public office are forecast. Women should cultivate the judicial and impersonal attitude toward the world, the news declare.

This evening should be an auspicious time for the lighter forms of social entertainment, since the configuration "Your class is under a conducting" is indicated by dancing, and even love-making.

Marriage today should be fortunate, provided the wedding ceremony is performed in the evening.

Astrologers foretell the growth of efficiency in business methods in the United States and an increase in the demand for scientific training in all vocations.

While Russia is to suffer from continued internal trouble there is a promising rule for the nation. Many Americans will go to the principal cities to identify themselves with great undertakings.

Persons whose birthdate it is should be careful in the handling of money. They should avoid speculation.

Children born on this day may work hard for a living, but they should be successful. These subjects of Pisces usually have methodical and industrious tendencies.

Benny's Notebook

The Park Ave. News.

Weather. Less. Music Notes. Miss Lorcher Miners singing lessons are getting louder and worse. Miss Mincer saying if she can stand it she don't see why other people can't.

Society. Miss Mary Watkins displays ersers so much that in fact she never even tried them.

Bewty Hint. Reddy Neely burned his hand last Wednesday investigating errands in the kitchen stove, thereby losing 3 freckles.

Pome by Skinny Martin

To My Valentine

I like to get telephone messages And letters and postal cards too. But the thing that gives me most pleasure to get Is an affectionate glance from you!

Intriguing Facts About Intriguing People. Leroy Shooter has a uncle in England he never even saw and now it would probably be too late to reckonize him even if he saw him.

Pudding and cakes stirred by experts for 20 cents a hour with or without taking privileges. The Lew Davis and Ed Wernick stirring Co. (Advertisement.)

Lost and Found. None.

The island of Mauritius is singly larly free from thunder storms, several years sometimes passing before one occurs.

Abe Martin

